

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cocke.
Some say that ever 'gainst that leason comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dares stirre abroad,
The nights are wholsome; then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charme;
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleve it:
But looke, the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seene to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for upon my life
This spirit dumbe to us will speake to him.
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's doo't I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most convenient. *Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the
Queene, Councell, as Polonius, and his sonne Laer-
tes, Hamlet, cum aliis.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene,
Th' Imperiall jointresse to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
Inequall scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife, nor have we herein barr'd

Your

Prince of Denmarke.

Your better wisdomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth,
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be dis-joint, and out of frame,
Collegued with this dreame of his advantage,
He hath not faild to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Loft by his father, with all bands of Law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the businesse is, We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbrasse*,
Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate herein, in that the levies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subjects: and we here dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more than the scope
Of these delated Articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that, & all things will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
You told us of some suit, what is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg *Laertes*?
That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking.
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth,
Than is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy Father:
What wouldst thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favour to returne to *France*,

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